

## The Sun

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1896.

Subscription by Mail Post-Paid.  
 DAILY, Per Month, \$3.00  
 DAILY, Per Year, \$30.00  
 SUNDAY, Per Year, \$5.00  
 DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Year, \$35.00  
 DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Month, \$3.00  
 Postage to Foreign Countries added.  
 THE SUN, New York City.

If your friends who favor us with manuscripts for publication wish to have their names and addresses returned, they must in all cases send stamps for that purpose.

Local News.—The City and Suburban News Bureau of the United Press and New York Associated Press will receive all information and documents for publication for public use disseminated to the press of the whole country.

## A Year of the War.

The outbreak of the Cuban revolution occurred one year ago to-day at Santiago. For the revolutionists the year has been truly a great one, filled with heroic deeds and warlike achievements. It has been for them a year of the severest hardships and trials, all met with unyielding resolution. It has made plain the advancement of the greatest cause for which man can live or die. It will ever shine in freedom's annals.

Many thousands of the patriots have fallen in battle during the year; but others sprang forward to fill their places. Thousands of wounded men have died in the rude hospitals or in the solitude of deserted places; but even their woful experiences have not discouraged their living comrades. Many have been subjected to cruelties such as Spaniards so often inflict upon an enemy in a time of civil war; but the patriots have taken all the risks without quailing.

The results of the year's struggle, as we survey them to-day, are full of hope for faithful Cuba. It has seemed to us at times as though the patriots were almost within sight of the promised land.

They have striven alone, all through the year, without help from any quarter. We have given them our sympathy, which has a moral value, but they have nothing else to thank us for. They have asked us to recognize their belligerent rights, but the request has not been granted. They have striven at times to obtain some supplies from this country, but we have prevented even provisions from reaching them. They have held out their hands to us without receiving a friendly grasp, even though they were fighting for a republican Government and against an intolerable despotism. Isolated upon the island of Cuba, which is surrounded by armed ships of the Spanish navy, they have fought through all the twelve months of the year an army far outnumbering their own.

We do not know of any war for liberty more grand in its character than that of the patriots of Cuba.

All the year they have had to "live upon the country." They have chewed the sugar cane, eaten roots or herbs, got flesh meat occasionally, and sometimes secured a scanty stock of bread or groceries at such places as fell into their hands. They have been half clad in rags. They have had to get their guns and ammunition by capture from the enemy. They have had to fight with the rude blades used in the sugar industry. They have been ever on the tramp, day and night.

It has indeed been a year of trials, as well as of triumphs, for the campaigners for liberty in Cuba.

One year ago to-day, when the first outbreak of the patriots took place at Santiago de Cuba, there were but a few hundreds of them in arms, and the province was under martial law. Their numbers grew to thousands, their skirmishes were daily occurrences, their progress westward was slow but steady, month after month. Spain grew more desperate, combats increased in magnitude, leadership was improved by experience, successes for them were many. While yet months of the first year of the war were left, the guns of the revolution could be heard at the capital; the Spanish army was cooped up in a few places; the most of the country was under patriot control; and the native population were united for the revolution. At this time Spain holds only Havana and a few other strongholds, defended by the army and the fleet. The third of the series of Spanish commanders calls for yet more troops, and forces the negroes to come to his help.

Such is the record of the first year of the patriot struggle in Cuba.

We know not what will be the issue of the war. But, assuredly, if the revolution shall proceed for another year as it has proceeded the past year, there is good reason for believing that it will be successful, and that Cuba will win the prize of freedom.

Victory to the army of the revolutionary patriots!

## How to Work for Arbitration.

The invitation which Saturday's peace meeting in the Quaker City gives to England and America is a broad one: "We invite both Governments to adopt a permanent system of judicial arbitration."

Perhaps at some future date the two Governments may accept this invitation. Supposing that a permanent system of arbitration is possible, nobody can doubt that much care, much thought, much discussion, and a long time would be required for the legislation at London and Washington needed for its establishment.

But meanwhile we have a most urgent matter of the same sort which demands immediate consideration. What is now incumbent on the friends of arbitration is to insist upon its application to the Venezuela boundary dispute. The pith of the duty that lies nearest is found in the speech of Dr. DEWEY to the Bar Association:

"The first and sensible action all the peace societies should take is to bring Great Britain into a line of arbitration that will forever settle all the difficulties now existing, and if possible, to form a permanent court of arbitration for any future trouble."

It is to the existing troubles that arbitration movements should first direct themselves; for if Great Britain will not consent to arbitration on a subject so remarkably fitted for that form of settlement as the Venezuelan boundary dispute is, it may be imagined how much use there will be in efforts to establish permanent and universal arbitration for the two lands.

Years ago there was a saying that hit the popular fancy, and at length became converted into historical fact: "The way to resume specie payments is to resume." In a like sense, the best way to promote international arbitration just now is to have it applied to the Guiana frontier dispute of to-day. And yet it is remarkable how much more the Philadelphia meeting had to say of the virtues of arbitration in the abstract than of the exceptional fitness of this present boundary dispute for adjustment by that means.

Venezuela has for a dozen years been urging arbitration upon England, and England, while refusing it, has been making encroach-

ments upon the disputed territory. Congress a year ago urged arbitration upon her, and Mr. OLNEY notified her that the maintenance of the Monroe doctrine was at stake in her course. Yet she refused to accept arbitration without the concession to her, at the outset, of an enormous slice of the disputed tract, and she so refuses to this day. A "permanent system of judicial arbitration" on such a basis would be a farce and a fraud.

A practical benefit which the friends of arbitration can render to the cause they have at heart is to insist in denouncing the outrage which Great Britain is doing to that cause by her present attitude. That is a good deal of labor, and success in it might give some hope of establishing a permanent arbitration court.

## Keeping the Squadrons in Hand.

The information that the commanders of our various squadrons on home and foreign stations are keeping their available ships well together, or within easy call, so that they may be employed readily on any duty, is reassuring. There are one or two serious elements in our relations with foreign countries which quite overshadow routine duties of cruising. It is important to have all our naval force ready for any service.

Admiral BUSEY's squadron, by far the best we have, is still waiting and watching at Hampton Roads, and it will probably be on the move as soon as England's flying squadron is, or perhaps sooner; and when it starts it will go Gulfward, perhaps to Florida Bay. Recently some excitement was caused in Venezuela by the news that a British vessel was taking soundings at the mouth of the Orinoco; but that may have been only one of the preparations for England's steadily ranking to be ready for any outcome of the pending dispute. Like the rearing of the Dominion militia, it would be a proper step, from England's point of view, for the contingency of war.

Secretary HERBERT has certainly done all he could to get our navy ready for whatever it may be called upon to do. The temporary aberration in favor of a campaign in the Levant was quickly ended, and the more serious duties in our own waters held their proper place in official attention. All the vessels in Admiral BUSEY's squadron, except the Raleigh, now under repairs, have taken coal aboard at Newport News. The Monadnock and the Katahdin have been added to our available forces, the Terror will follow them into commission in a few weeks, and the finishing touches will soon be given to two new battle ships.

## Platt, the Burden Bearer.

The Hon. THOMAS COLLIER PLATT did not disturb the mirth of the eleventh annual banquet of the Michigan Club, the most illustrious of Wolverine Republican concerns, by his plaint in his letter of declination that he could not be present because he had "made an ass of himself by assuming certain political burdens"; nor did any eye melt at his request to "pity me and pray for the man whom the angelic spirit pictures as Satan." Mr. PLATT's delight in the political burden-bearing business is too well known to allow a humorous protestation to be received with less gaiety than they are met with. It is true that the work of his present Legislature may be a serious burden to him some time, and the STRONG administration, which he doesn't have to carry, isn't allowed to carry, and couldn't be induced to carry, fatigues him even more than if he were actually staggering under it. But his view of life is continuously cheerful; he maintains a composed smile although Dr. PARKHURST rage and the Union League imagine a vain thing; he has much present satisfaction and a full stock of hopes.

A great deal of passionate invective is wasted every day on this Owego immigrant, but his Republican enemies seem to fall to understand the sources of his political strength. How does he keep himself at the head of the political management of the Republican party of the State of New York, a post more important and more powerful than most of the great offices which are the prizes of political success? Evidently the majority of the New York Republicans like him, or feel that his services are useful, else his power could not continue. Here is a Rose knight, not absolutely honest. His income from politics is fun, not money; fun, and the gratification of a really superior talent. Mr. PLATT has no showy qualifications for the stump or platform. He has an ardent quality, the capability of political organization. For a hundred years the political affairs of New York have been in the hands of men of the same stamp, men with this same faculty of organization. Some of them have held high office and some of them have scarcely held office at all; but all have had in a greater or less degree the ability of managing large masses of men, of securing discipline and a definite plan of command and action, and of being obeyed and respected. The great parties in New York have been so great that they have always been more or less subject to divisions; and the case has not been altered in our own day. Those parties have so many members spread over so big a territory, and so exposed to a conflict of interests or to the expenditure of money on local considerations, that they would become unmanageable if they were not drilled and led according to a regular system of tactics and by competent leaders. Mr. PLATT is one of those leaders. Certain regular troops, commanded by Gen. CORNELIUS NEPOS BLISS, Gen. JOHANNES ENGELS MILHOLLAND, and other martialists, do admit Gen. PLATT's authority, and are eager to fight him until their eyelids can no longer waver. The irregulars are in their rights as he is in his; and the more fighting the more fun. Still, the regulars are many, and the irregulars are few. Gen. PLATT's government of the Republican party of New York rests upon majority rule. He bosses the Republicans because he knows how to boss, and because the boss is always the best.

It doesn't appear that Mr. PLATT asks for anything for himself from the collection of titbits at Albany. From Republican Federal Administrations he is used to getting the icy hand, and lots of it; nor is his influence or power in the State injured in the least thereby. Other qualifications of Mr. PLATT are found in his pleasing manners and his unvarying ability to see the tickling side of things. He is never unduly solemn, except when he passes the City Hall or sees a cup of tea. He is the biggest Republican chib in the State, and the Republican politicians attend him as often as they can. The rural Republicans like him instinctively, or on general principles. There is a sympathy between them and him. He, too, is a haw-buck, and the Tioga mud still clings tenaciously to his feet, and the Tioga haw-buck still sticks upon his heels. With the hair under his nose, the hair on his chin, the tenth street Republicans, too, he is bound in willing bonds. To them he is a good fellow, a cordial equal, neither a "stiff" nor a

"stiff," but one of the boys. Mr. PLATT is an ardent civil service reformer of the MARCY and LINCOLN school. His voice is a little worn, but his heart for singing is fine, and if he could sing as he feels, he could beat the Scotch virtuoso who

"Harped the fish out of water,  
 The water out of the state."

Mr. PLATT, like Dr. DEWEY, is a Yale man. "A scholar in politics." He is somewhat more advanced in his political studies than Dr. DEWEY.

## New York's Commissioner of Agriculture.

On April 1 the term of office of Mr. FREDERICK C. SCHRAUB of Louisville as State Commissioner of Agriculture will end. The chief duty of the Commissioner of Agriculture is to see that agriculture doesn't leave the State. He receives a salary for encouraging it. Potatoes with big heads and running high to the hill, heavy-weight pumpkins, and all the other mysteries of husbandry, are either submitted to the Commissioner or owe their existence to the sound theories and inspiring influences which radiate from his office. The weather, the soil, the industry and skill of the tiller, are comparatively unimportant agents in the production of the crops. Speed the Plough is an outworn maxim. Those farmers who have defied their prejudices and illusions, admit that without the Commissioner of Agriculture the plough wouldn't be worth following. His reports are the best and only useful fertilizer, plough, harrow, hoe, spade, rake, scythe, mowing machine, and all the other agricultural implements, are the result of his efforts to visit the cattle shows in the fall for the purpose of cheering up the cattle and produce and giving the ruralists "the glad hand." It is the business of the Commissioner of Agriculture to see that the crops live up to the statute in time and size. The pagans would have made him an idol; New York makes him something bigger: a Commissioner.

Mr. SCHRAUB was appointed by that eminent Jefferson county farmer, the Hon. ROSWELL PETTIBONE FLOWER. Mr. FLOWER, as his admirers are never tired of declaring, is a farmer in the fullest connotation of that noble word; in its every sense, practical, theoretical, abstract, concrete, derived, and metaphorical. He made no mistake when he took Mr. SCHRAUB from the rich cheeselands of the Moose and made him guardian of the fields, crops, fruit trees, domestic animals, not including dogs and cats, and tame villatic fowl of the Empire State. How well Commissioner SCHRAUB fulfilled expectations is shown by the fact that although he became a post-cuspidian in the year of deficit, 1894, the crops have continued to be issued without delay. The present extraordinary open season in hens is directly due to the wise counsel of the Commissioner, whose reports, macerated and mixed with warm meal and filtered water, are said to be an invaluable stimulant and egg tonic for pullets suffering from listlessness, lassitude, depression, and neurasthenia. Mr. SCHRAUB has been a satisfactory Commissioner, and the crops owe much to him; but, as his views of agriculture are strictly Democratic, while those of Governor MORTON are severely Republican, his reappointment is impossible. What Republican haw-buck is best fitted to take his place and do full justice to the crops of New York State according to sound Republican principles?

The question is already spreading the best Republican thought of the rural regions. Dr. DEWEY, who has a farm at Peekskill; Mr. THOMAS ROSAN, who has a peach orchard on the Bowers; Mr. PLATT, who keeps a hayseed exchange at 40 Broadway; Mr. JOHN SARINE SMITH and Mr. JOHN PROCTOR CLARK, who have worked up a brisk reform small potato business; JOHN RICHARDS, the proprietor of a potato salad farm; Mr. WARNER MILLER, a well-known ditcher, and other Republican agriculturists of high repute, have been mentioned as possible candidates for the commissionship soon to become vacant. One brilliant name, however, has made all these possibilities look wan in the hills. It is F. SEYMOUR GIBBS of Chelsea village. He is a practical farmer. He has worked as a hired man, or on shares, or as owner, on farms in this town and in Albany. He goes in when it rains, unless he happens to have CLARITY MEADE's or somebody else's umbrella handy; has sown his political wild oats, can make hay while the sun shines, frequently acknowledges the corn, takes the bull by the horns, returns to his muttons, goes to grass, calls a spade a spade, butters no parsnips, knows beans, is some pumpkins, never tries to make a purse out of a sow's ear, goes the whole hog, loves to root, never counts his chickens before they are hatched, never goes around with a cornucopia, will not thresh old straw, is good as wheat (some wheat), is too old a bird to be caught by chaff, cuts a wide swath, gets on the high horse, kicks like a steer, likes to get a graft, is no chicken, never locks the stable door after the horse is stolen, seldom puts the cart before the horse, is cock of the walk, knows that he who by the plough would thrive to be Commissioner must strive; is full of the milk of human kindness, has a mouth that will not melt butter, and is, finally, the cheese. Mr. SEYMOUR GIBBS knows all the improved processes of machine farming, no man better. He is handsome, as the chief of agriculture ought to be. He has worked on the PLATT place and knows the business. Undoubtedly he is the best Republican for curator of the crops and guardian of the agriculture of the Empire State.

The long and appalling glare of the Hon. BROWNE FARMER's head over the Southwestern frontier and sky made sailors uneasy some weeks ago. The pale sailor boreals shivered into absolute colorlessness and the moon turned gooseberry green. SCHIA-PARELLI predicted that there would be trouble. "My greatest fear," he said, "is that some other day the sun will be eclipsed by the planet, and that red ruin and blue murder will be the result." Right he was. Mr. FARMER's comet might have the scarlet summit of Mount Fitz and be climbing down at the rate of 1,000,000 miles a day, or almost half as fast as the彗星 of Halley, or North Carolina call it. Still, there is no reason for alarm. The fiery mountain ought to be able to hold its own. It takes a mighty deal more gas to compose a prize fighter than to compose a comet; and in color scheme no comet can be as forcible as Mount Fitz.

The Hon. JASPER TALBERT of South Carolina climbed another round of glory last week when he actually paralyzed Mr. BOWERS of California into silence. The Washington Post, a conscientious and exact student of the eloquence and vocal dynamics of Congressmen, admits the defeat of the Californian. Although he has an awful voice, an organ to crack the dome and joggle the Washington Monument, and kill all the fish in the Potomac, the Palmetto trumpet emitted for minutes, and in some places, that made the floor of the House vibrate so loudly that all the lighter-weight pages were swept around as by a whirlwind. The Speaker's gavel was blown away from the desk and narrowly escaped the right and favorite sidepiece of the Hon. ELIAS ADAMS MORRIS.

The long and appalling glare of the Hon. BROWNE FARMER's head over the Southwestern frontier and sky made sailors uneasy some weeks ago. The pale sailor boreals shivered into absolute colorlessness and the moon turned gooseberry green. SCHIA-PARELLI predicted that there would be trouble. "My greatest fear," he said, "is that some other day the sun will be eclipsed by the planet, and that red ruin and blue murder will be the result." Right he was. Mr. FARMER's comet might have the scarlet summit of Mount Fitz and be climbing down at the rate of 1,000,000 miles a day, or almost half as fast as the彗星 of Halley, or North Carolina call it. Still, there is no reason for alarm. The fiery mountain ought to be able to hold its own. It takes a mighty deal more gas to compose a prize fighter than to compose a comet; and in color scheme no comet can be as forcible as Mount Fitz.

The Hon. JASPER TALBERT of South Carolina climbed another round of glory last week when he actually paralyzed Mr. BOWERS of California into silence. The Washington Post, a conscientious and exact student of the eloquence and vocal dynamics of Congressmen, admits the defeat of the Californian. Although he has an awful voice, an organ to crack the dome and joggle the Washington Monument, and kill all the fish in the Potomac, the Palmetto trumpet emitted for minutes, and in some places, that made the floor of the House vibrate so loudly that all the lighter-weight pages were swept around as by a whirlwind. The Speaker's gavel was blown away from the desk and narrowly escaped the right and favorite sidepiece of the Hon. ELIAS ADAMS MORRIS.

The long and appalling glare of the Hon. BROWNE FARMER's head over the Southwestern frontier and sky made sailors uneasy some weeks ago. The pale sailor boreals shivered into absolute colorlessness and the moon turned gooseberry green. SCHIA-PARELLI predicted that there would be trouble. "My greatest fear," he said, "is that some other day the sun will be eclipsed by the planet, and that red ruin and blue murder will be the result." Right he was. Mr. FARMER's comet might have the scarlet summit of Mount Fitz and be climbing down at the rate of 1,000,000 miles a day, or almost half as fast as the彗星 of Halley, or North Carolina call it. Still, there is no reason for alarm. The fiery mountain ought to be able to hold its own. It takes a mighty deal more gas to compose a prize fighter than to compose a comet; and in color scheme no comet can be as forcible as Mount Fitz.

The long and appalling glare of the Hon. BROWNE FARMER's head over the Southwestern frontier and sky made sailors uneasy some weeks ago. The pale sailor boreals shivered into absolute colorlessness and the moon turned gooseberry green. SCHIA-PARELLI predicted that there would be trouble. "My greatest fear," he said, "is that some other day the sun will be eclipsed by the planet, and that red ruin and blue murder will be the result." Right he was. Mr. FARMER's comet might have the scarlet summit of Mount Fitz and be climbing down at the rate of 1,000,000 miles a day, or almost half as fast as the彗星 of Halley, or North Carolina call it. Still, there is no reason for alarm. The fiery mountain ought to be able to hold its own. It takes a mighty deal more gas to compose a prize fighter than to compose a comet; and in color scheme no comet can be as forcible as Mount Fitz.

The long and appalling glare of the Hon. BROWNE FARMER's head over the Southwestern frontier and sky made sailors uneasy some weeks ago. The pale sailor boreals shivered into absolute colorlessness and the moon turned gooseberry green. SCHIA-PARELLI predicted that there would be trouble. "My greatest fear," he said, "is that some other day the sun will be eclipsed by the planet, and that red ruin and blue murder will be the result." Right he was. Mr. FARMER's comet might have the scarlet summit of Mount Fitz and be climbing down at the rate of 1,000,000 miles a day, or almost half as fast as the彗星 of Halley, or North Carolina call it. Still, there is no reason for alarm. The fiery mountain ought to be able to hold its own. It takes a mighty deal more gas to compose a prize fighter than to compose a comet; and in color scheme no comet can be as forcible as Mount Fitz.

The long and appalling glare of the Hon. BROWNE FARMER's head over the Southwestern frontier and sky made sailors uneasy some weeks ago. The pale sailor boreals shivered into absolute colorlessness and the moon turned gooseberry green. SCHIA-PARELLI predicted that there would be trouble. "My greatest fear," he said, "is that some other day the sun will be eclipsed by the planet, and that red ruin and blue murder will be the result." Right he was. Mr. FARMER's comet might have the scarlet summit of Mount Fitz and be climbing down at the rate of 1,000,000 miles a day, or almost half as fast as the彗星 of Halley, or North Carolina call it. Still, there is no reason for alarm. The fiery mountain ought to be able to hold its own. It takes a mighty deal more gas to compose a prize fighter than to compose a comet; and in color scheme no comet can be as forcible as Mount Fitz.

The long and appalling glare of the Hon. BROWNE FARMER's head over the Southwestern frontier and sky made sailors uneasy some weeks ago. The pale sailor boreals shivered into absolute colorlessness and the moon turned gooseberry green. SCHIA-PARELLI predicted that there would be trouble. "My greatest fear," he said, "is that some other day the sun will be eclipsed by the planet, and that red ruin and blue murder will be the result." Right he was. Mr. FARMER's comet might have the scarlet summit of Mount Fitz and be climbing down at the rate of 1,000,000 miles a day, or almost half as fast as the彗星 of Halley, or North Carolina call it. Still, there is no reason for alarm. The fiery mountain ought to be able to hold its own. It takes a mighty deal more gas to compose a prize fighter than to compose a comet; and in color scheme no comet can be as forcible as Mount Fitz.

The long and appalling glare of the Hon. BROWNE FARMER's head over the Southwestern frontier and sky made sailors uneasy some weeks ago. The pale sailor boreals shivered into absolute colorlessness and the moon turned gooseberry green. SCHIA-PARELLI predicted that there would be trouble. "My greatest fear," he said, "is that some other day the sun will be eclipsed by the planet, and that red ruin and blue murder will be the result." Right he was. Mr. FARMER's comet might have the scarlet summit of Mount Fitz and be climbing down at the rate of 1,000,000 miles a day, or almost half as fast as the彗星 of Halley, or North Carolina call it. Still, there is no reason for alarm. The fiery mountain ought to be able to hold its own. It takes a mighty deal more gas to compose a prize fighter than to compose a comet; and in color scheme no comet can be as forcible as Mount Fitz.

The long and appalling glare of the Hon. BROWNE FARMER's head over the Southwestern frontier and sky made sailors uneasy some weeks ago. The pale sailor boreals shivered into absolute colorlessness and the moon turned gooseberry green. SCHIA-PARELLI predicted that there would be trouble. "My greatest fear," he said, "is that some other day the sun will be eclipsed by the planet, and that red ruin and blue murder will be the result." Right he was. Mr. FARMER's comet might have the scarlet summit of Mount Fitz and be climbing down at the rate of 1,000,000 miles a day, or almost half as fast as the彗星 of Halley, or North Carolina call it. Still, there is no reason for alarm. The fiery mountain ought to be able to hold its own. It takes a mighty deal more gas to compose a prize fighter than to compose a comet; and in color scheme no comet can be as forcible as Mount Fitz.

The long and appalling glare of the Hon. BROWNE FARMER's head over the Southwestern frontier and sky made sailors uneasy some weeks ago. The pale sailor boreals shivered into absolute colorlessness and the moon turned gooseberry green. SCHIA-PARELLI predicted that there would be trouble. "My greatest fear," he said, "is that some other day the sun will be eclipsed by the planet, and that red ruin and blue murder will be the result." Right he was. Mr. FARMER's comet might have the scarlet summit of Mount Fitz and be climbing down at the rate of 1,000,000 miles a day, or almost half as fast as the彗星 of Halley, or North Carolina call it. Still, there is no reason for alarm. The fiery mountain ought to be able to hold its own. It takes a mighty deal more gas to compose a prize fighter than to compose a comet; and in color scheme no comet can be as forcible as Mount Fitz.

The long and appalling glare of the Hon. BROWNE FARMER's head over the Southwestern frontier and sky made sailors uneasy some weeks ago. The pale sailor boreals shivered into absolute colorlessness and the moon turned gooseberry green. SCHIA-PARELLI predicted that there would be trouble. "My greatest fear," he said, "is that some other day the sun will be eclipsed by the planet, and that red ruin and blue murder will be the result." Right he was. Mr. FARMER's comet might have the scarlet summit of Mount Fitz and be climbing down at the rate of 1,000,000 miles a day, or almost half as fast as the彗星 of Halley, or North Carolina call it. Still, there is no reason for alarm. The fiery mountain ought to be able to hold its own. It takes a mighty deal more gas to compose a prize fighter than to compose a comet; and in color scheme no comet can be as forcible as Mount Fitz.

The long and appalling glare of the Hon. BROWNE FARMER's head over the Southwestern frontier and sky made sailors uneasy some weeks ago. The pale sailor boreals shivered into absolute colorlessness and the moon turned gooseberry green. SCHIA-PARELLI predicted that there would be trouble. "My greatest fear," he said, "is that some other day the sun will be eclipsed by the planet, and that red ruin and blue murder will be the result." Right he was. Mr. FARMER's comet might have the scarlet summit of Mount Fitz and be climbing down at the rate of 1,000,000 miles a day, or almost half as fast as the彗星 of Halley, or North Carolina call it. Still, there is no reason for alarm. The fiery mountain ought to be able to hold its own. It takes a mighty deal more gas to compose a prize fighter than to compose a comet; and in color scheme no comet can be as forcible as Mount Fitz.

The long and appalling glare of the Hon. BROWNE FARMER's head over the Southwestern frontier and sky made sailors uneasy some weeks ago. The pale sailor boreals shivered into absolute colorlessness and the moon turned gooseberry green. SCHIA-PARELLI predicted that there would be trouble. "My greatest fear," he said, "is that some other day the sun will be eclipsed by the planet, and that red ruin and blue murder will be the result." Right he was. Mr. FARMER's comet might have the scarlet summit of Mount Fitz and be climbing down at the rate of 1,000,000 miles a day, or almost half as fast as the彗星 of Halley, or North Carolina call it. Still, there is no reason for alarm. The fiery mountain ought to be able to hold its own. It takes a mighty deal more gas to compose a prize fighter than to compose a comet; and in color scheme no comet can be as forcible as Mount Fitz.

The long and appalling glare of the Hon. BROWNE FARMER's head over the Southwestern frontier and sky made sailors uneasy some weeks ago. The pale sailor boreals shivered into absolute colorlessness and the moon turned gooseberry green. SCHIA-PARELLI predicted that there would be trouble. "My greatest fear," he said, "is that some other day the sun will be eclipsed by the planet, and that red ruin and blue murder will be the result." Right he was. Mr. FARMER's comet might have the scarlet summit of Mount Fitz and be climbing down at the rate of 1,000,000 miles a day, or almost half as fast as the彗星 of Halley, or North Carolina call it. Still, there is no reason for alarm. The fiery mountain ought to be able to hold its own. It takes a mighty deal more gas to compose a prize fighter than to compose a comet; and in color scheme no comet can be as forcible as Mount Fitz.

The long and appalling glare of the Hon. BROWNE FARMER's head over the Southwestern frontier and sky made sailors uneasy some weeks ago. The pale sailor boreals shivered into absolute colorlessness and the moon turned gooseberry green. SCHIA-PARELLI predicted that there would be trouble. "My greatest fear," he said, "is that some other day the sun will be eclipsed by the planet, and that red ruin and blue murder will be the result." Right he was. Mr. FARMER's comet might have the scarlet summit of Mount Fitz and be climbing down at the rate of 1,000,000 miles a day, or almost half as fast as the彗星 of Halley, or North Carolina call it. Still, there is no reason for alarm. The fiery mountain ought to be able to hold its own. It takes a mighty deal more gas to compose a prize fighter than to compose a comet; and in color scheme no comet can be as forcible as Mount Fitz.

clear to be a misdemeanor. The law, if adopted, will take effect on Jan. 1, 1897.

Among the poorer residents of New York and other large cities of the State, especially those in districts in which contract work on railroads, buildings, or for the State, is carried on extensively, private bankers, especially among the Italians and Russians and Russian-Poles, perform the doubtful function of custodians of funds and of employment agents. In this city, among the Italians of some of the downtown districts, these private bankers unite with their business as padrones and private bankers a third kind of service to their needy compatriots: they furnish food and drink as grocers and liquor dealers. Accordingly one man is a banker, saloon keeper, a groceryman, and an employment broker; and, among the Russians and Poles of the city, although the functions of their bankers are not so diversified, they act as custodians of money left with them on deposit, and in some cases perform the duties of marriage brokers and employment agents.

From time to time when greed of gain has caused one of these bankers to embark in speculations which end disastrously, he becomes a fugitive and flees, or make a thoughtless and longer trustful depositors behind, many of them unfamiliar with our language, laws, or business regulations. It is to prevent the recurrence of such scandalous proceedings that the MYERS bill has been introduced, and while perhaps the objection may be urged that the penalty for non-compliance with the condition established by the proposed law is not sufficiently rigorous, and the security exacted is not adequate, its adoption would at least restrict the operations of irresponsible private bankers hereafter. To that extent it would serve as a salutary extension of the law which now puts savings banks, trust companies, and safe deposit companies within the operations of the Banking Department.

Joshua Quincy on Deck; Billy Russell Below.

The nomination of RICHARD OLNEY as the candidate of the Massachusetts Democrats on the platform, "Stand by the Monroe Doctrine!" aroused immense enthusiasm in Boston on Saturday night. The mention of Mr. CLEVELAND's name excited little interest and but faint applause. The name of the Secretary of State was cheered loud and long every time it was uttered by any of the many speakers.

This contrasted with striking evidence of the new order of things among the Young Democrats of Massachusetts. The other notable and significant feature of the occasion was the absence of the Hon. WILLIAM E. RUSSELL. Properly, the young ex-Governor should have been present at the gathering of the Young Democrats, and his should have been the honor and privilege of formally presenting Mr. OLNEY's name. But ex-Governor RUSSELL was not in sight; and in his possibly unavoidable absence the privilege rightly belonging to him, by seniority among the Young Democrats of the Old Bay State, was exercised in spirited fashion by the Hon. JOSHUA QUINCY.

There seems to be some opposition to Secretary MORTON in Congress because he has stopped the silly practice of presenting garden seats to members of the two Houses. The opposition is more silly than the practice.

If the Secretary could find means to abolish the Department of Agriculture altogether, he would do a mighty service to the country and prove that he is the stuff to make a President of.

If the bill before Congress providing for the exclusion of all immigrants who cannot read the Constitution of the United States in some printed language were to become law, it would bar out most of the Italians who come to this country, but would bar out very few of the Russians, if any of them. Nearly all of them are able to read the jargon, "We know of an Italian friend of mine who, although he is a member of his art, and yet he does not know as much of the alphabet as would enable him to 'tell a B from a bull's foot.' There ought to be more intelligence in any Federal law for the regulation of immigration.

Our esteemed contemporary, the *Atlanta Constitution*, makes itself even more beautiful than usual by the only means possible. It prints an excellent portrait of the Hon. JOSEPHUS B. BAILEY, M. C. of Texas, frequently known as "Young Bailey," for the purpose of distinguishing him from the equally famous English lawyer, Joseph Bailey, who was killed in a speaking likeness. It is this map of Mr. BAILEY's face. It seems to talk; the lips are moving; the attitude is characteristic. Mr. BAILEY keeps no whiskers; the noble severity of his outline and supercilious nose is well. His necktie is a careless thing in white; yet there is the touch of power goes around with a cornucopia, button signifi-cantly, warning even the casual observer that here is a great aristocrat.

It appears that the Hon. JOSEPHUS BAILEY, "one of the very ablest men in the American Congress," is thirty-two years of age. Is it possible that he is so old?

That there is hardly any prospect of a union between the Roman Church and the Greek Church, through the acceptance by the latter of the authority of the former, is manifest from the reply sent, under the authority of the Czar, to the encyclical of Pope Leo XIII. upon that subject. Those who persist in the notion of that reply, which we printed, must have discovered that the Greek Church made demands upon the Roman Church which could not possibly be granted.

The long and appalling glare of the Hon. BROWNE FARMER's head over the Southwestern frontier and sky made sailors uneasy some weeks ago. The pale sailor boreals shivered into absolute colorlessness and the moon turned gooseberry green. SCHIA-PARELLI predicted that there would be trouble. "My greatest fear," he said, "is that some other day the sun will be eclipsed by the planet, and that red ruin and blue murder will be the result." Right he was. Mr. FARMER's comet might have the scarlet summit of Mount Fitz and be climbing down at the rate of 1,000,000 miles a day, or almost half as fast as the彗星 of Halley, or North Carolina call it. Still, there is no reason for alarm. The fiery mountain ought to be able to hold its own. It takes a mighty deal more gas to compose a prize fighter than to compose a comet; and in color scheme no comet can be as forcible as Mount Fitz.

The long and appalling glare of the Hon. BROWNE FARMER's head over the Southwestern frontier and sky made sailors uneasy some weeks ago. The pale sailor boreals shivered into absolute colorlessness and the moon turned gooseberry green. SCHIA-PARELLI predicted that there would be trouble. "My greatest fear," he said, "is that some other day the sun will be eclipsed by the planet, and that red ruin and blue murder will be the result." Right he was. Mr. FARMER's comet might have the scarlet summit of Mount Fitz and be climbing down at the rate of 1,000,000 miles a day, or almost half as fast as the彗星 of Halley, or North Carolina call it. Still, there is no reason for alarm. The fiery mountain ought to be able to hold its own. It takes a mighty deal more gas to compose a prize fighter than to compose a comet; and in color scheme no comet can be as forcible as Mount Fitz.

The long and appalling glare of the Hon. BROWNE FARMER's head over the Southwestern frontier and sky made sailors uneasy some weeks ago. The pale sailor boreals shivered into absolute colorlessness and the moon turned gooseberry green. SCHIA-PARELLI predicted that there would be trouble. "My greatest fear," he said, "is that some other day the sun will be eclipsed by the planet, and that red ruin and blue murder will be the result." Right he was. Mr. FARMER's comet might have the scarlet summit of Mount Fitz and be climbing down at the rate of 1,000,000 miles a day, or almost half as fast as the彗星 of Halley, or North Carolina call it. Still, there is no reason for alarm. The fiery mountain ought to be able to hold its own. It takes a mighty deal more gas to compose a prize fighter than to compose a comet; and in color scheme no comet can be as forcible as Mount Fitz.

The long and appalling glare of the Hon. BROWNE FARMER's head over the Southwestern frontier and sky made sailors uneasy some weeks ago. The pale sailor boreals shivered into absolute colorlessness and the moon turned gooseberry green. SCHIA-PARELLI predicted that there would be trouble. "My greatest fear," he said, "is that some other day the sun will be eclipsed by the planet, and that red ruin and blue murder will be the result." Right he was. Mr. FARMER's comet might have the scarlet summit of Mount Fitz and be climbing down at the rate of 1,000,000 miles a day, or almost half as fast as the彗星 of Halley, or North Carolina call it. Still, there is no reason for alarm. The fiery mountain ought to be able to hold its own. It takes a mighty deal more gas to compose a prize fighter than to compose a comet; and in color scheme no comet can be as forcible as Mount Fitz.

The long and appalling glare of the Hon. BROWNE FARMER's head over the Southwestern frontier and sky made sailors uneasy some weeks ago. The pale sailor boreals shivered into